THE WHEELS HAVE TURNED

JEWS NOW OWN NEARLY EVERY THING IN FAMOUS VENICE.

Descendants of the Ghetto Penned and Persecuted People Are Proprietors of Palaces Once Owned by Persecutors of Their Ancestors.

Dresden, Feb. 28, 1895.

To the Editor of the JOURNAL AND COURIER:

I can imagine no greater delight than to visit Venice, and while there to frequently drop into the academy and study the glorious pictures which are to be seen in the many rooms and corridors. The "Academie della Belle Arti" is situated on the Grand canal, and is five minutes' distance from our hotel. The gallery chiefly contains pictures of Venetian masters and here one can delight himself in the works of Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Giovanni Bellini, and Titian to his heart's content. Room after room is rich in the accumulated treasures of those great masters of Italian art. One of the most celebrated paintings in the collection of the academy is Titian's "Presentation," a masterpiece of that great artist, and a picture very familiar to very many of your readers. Carpaccio's "Cure of a Lunatic," with the old wooden Rialto in the background, is a painting of great merit.

"Jesus at the Feast, in the House of Levi," a magnificent work which was executed in 1573, and a masterpiece of the incomparable Paul Veronese, is a picture which the beholder never can forget, for its impression upon the mind is indelible. "Carpaccio's" "Nine Scenes in the Legend of St. Ursula," painted in 1492 is a rare work of art and admirable in its perspective. Titian's greatest masterpiece is the gem of the collection. It is the "Assumption," which was painted in 1516; it formerly hung over the high altar in the "Frari," an old thirteenth century church, and one of the most celebrated in Venice. This canvas is 22½ feet by 12 feet, and is one of the most highly prized pictures in the world. "The life-like semblance of nature, and the marvellous fear, devotion, wonder and rapture that are expressed raise Titian to a rank as high as that held by Raphael and M. Angelo." "St. Mark Releasing a Slave," (a picture 14 feet by 11 feet) is a masterpiece of Titian's, and is considered to be one of the most wonderful pictures in the world. Giovanni Bellinni's "Madonna Enthroned," is one of his finest works, and is especially admired by all who visit the gallery. Basaiti's "Call of the Sons of Zebedee," painted in 1510 is a grand painting deserving special attention. A picture which particularly touched me, and which I shall recollect as long as I can remember Venice itself, was an "Entombment," by Titian. That great artist was in the act of painting this picture when he was seized with the plague, he died leaving this picture but partially completed; he was then in his ninety-ninth year. The work was subsequently completed by Palmer Giovane in 1576, and all this is recorded on the picture itself. What a grand thing it was that Titian was permitted to labor to such a good old age; thing of it, eighty years of constant work! Thinking of this I ask myself what would not Raphael have accomplished had he lived as long as Titian? He was cut off in his thirty-second year having accomplished wonderful results, in almost numberless pictures. How much richer the world would have been had Raphael lived to a grand old age.

To fully appreciate the academy one must visit it often, thus familiarizing oneself with the rare pictures which are treasured there. In one of the rooms we note Canova's chisel, and near it is and urn containing the right hand of that great sculptor. The same room contains a number of small works of Titian, and numerous old drawings of "Leonardo da Vinci." Here is the original model of Hercules and Lich as also "Daedalus and Icarus" executed by Canova in his twenty-first year, and the time will not allow me to mention the numerous works of art contained in the academy.

As we leave this delightful place, let us pass down to the custom house, where the Grand canal commences, as it were, and then let us quietly and slowly row the whole length of the Grand canal. This is the great watery thoroughfare of Venice; it is two miles long and two hundred feet wide. It is the street (?) of the ancient aristocracy of the old city, and in those old days it must have been a place of great magnificence, which is plainly visible from the aspect of grandeur which the palaces even at this day present.

After leaving the old custom house behind us, we pass the grand palaces "Giustiniani" and "Emo-Treves," buildings of great magnificence in the olden times. The palaces "Corner della Ca Grande," and "Cavalli," are specially noticeable, and to judge from their majestic appearance at the present day, must have been sumptuous and regal, when occupied by their own original owners. The Church of "St. Maria della Salute" is a votive church, built in commemoration of the great plague of 1630, it was fifty years in building, and is one of the loveliest churches in Italy; it is rich in rare old pictures and magnificent marbles.

After passing by this church we row by the home of Don Carlos, the Spaniard, one of the very old palaces of Venice, and close by on the left are the splendid foundations and lower story of the enormous palace which was commenced by the Duke of Milan, but which an order of the old republic forbade him to complete.

There are two or three other palaces on the Grand canal, whose noble builders were forbidden to complete. Treason, jealousy, cupidity, were punished by the state, and the highest nobles were obliged to bow before and obey the council. These partially completed palaces in Venice, standing for centuries in their unfinished state, testify that obedience to law was a stern necessity in the old days of Venice. We glide quickly by many palaces and cannot but admire their beautiful facades, rich and glorious, with painted arches and delicate tracery of the fourteenth century; with great battlements towering far upward like fortresses.

Palace "Rezzonigo" the property of the late Robert Browning, is a very large and majestic building. I was told that this palace was bought for $20,000, only a few years since. The palaces "Foscari," "Grimani," "Pisani," are especially noticeable. Palace "Mocenigo," three palaces in one was occupied by Lord Byron in 1818, and from one of its great basket-like balconies one dark night, one of his mistresses threw herself into the waters of the Grand canal. We continue to row by numberless palaces and what a delightful experience it is to view them from our snug little gondola. The palace "Ca Capello" was owned by the late Sir Henry Layard, the great traveler, and there is a very wonderful collection there of interesting objects gathered from many countries. Near by is the palace "Bernards," the very oldest Gothic edifice in Venice. The palace "Grimani" is noticeable for its very beautiful architecture. We now pass the historic palace "Loredan," the home of Catherine Cornaro, whose armorial bearings are still to be seen on the imposing front; this is the most beautiful palace on the Grand canal, which is saying a good deal. As we pass under the great single span of the "Rialto" (Rivo Alto) we must stop beneath its cool shadows and take a good view of this grand historic bridge.

We may fancy Shylock the Jew in his anger crying out to Antonio, "In the Rialto you have rated me about my monies"—and the Rialto with its surroundings smack strongly of Shylock and fellows of his nation. In 1180 a wooden bridge was built at this point, and this old bridge is plainly seen in Carpaccio's picture in the academy. The present Rialto bridge was built in 1550; it is 160 feet long and 90 feet wide, a single marble arch of 74 feet span, and 32 feet wide, resting upon 12,000 piles. It is a singularly busy place, and one of the most historic localities in this wonderfully historic city. Rows of quaint shops seem to chase one another over the top of the bridge, and look down upon the canal and view the palaces of bygone times, calling to mind the events of the past thousand years and longer, is something to make one reminiscent, and old characters of history seem to flit by us like shadows of the dead past.

After we pass the Rialto we note the Palaces "Pesaro" and "Ca D'Oro," the latter originally gilded and one of the most brilliant of all the palaces in Venice. The Palace "Calergi," with its carved motto "Non Nobis," is simply superb and of grand proportions; here Richard Wagner died in 1883. The palaces of Venice must have been gorgeous and magnificent in the olden days, but to me there is a feeling of sadness associated with them. The men who built them have passed away and their wealth has vanished. Their old homes, with many marks of age remain, owned chiefly by Jews, and the waters of the Adriatic ebb and flow at their door steps, as of yore, while the shiny sea weed clings to the foundations. There is an imposing building which was built in the thirteenth century, and it is a familiar object down near the Rialto. It was destroyed by fire in 1550 and rebuilt by the state and let to the Germans as a warehouse.

This building was decorated on the outside by splendid frescoes by Giorgione and Titian; those bright representations have faded and disappeared, but as you cross over the Rialto, if you look for a moment at the side of the building which faces the Grand canal you will see the vestiges of a magnificent figure near the top of the cornice and over the door in the alley is a fine figure of Justice painted by Titian. In those old days the artists made their own paints and this is one reason why their pictures have endured for centuries. Down towards the railway station a canal branches off from the Grand canal and is called the Canareggio, and at the point of divergence stands the old Church of St. Geremia; leaving this on our left we row along passing the Palace Labia, where are to be seen the brilliant frescoes of Tiepolo; just beyond is the Palace Maufrin, where we visit a fine picture gallery; directly opposite, on the other side of the canal, is the Ghetto.

The Ghetto is one of the lions of Venice in an historical point of view; not a lion of heroic nature, bold, brave and noble, but a hideous, emaciated, cowardly creature, which fattens upon the dead past and keeps alive and fresh the memory of dreadful scenes and horrible deeds, a creature of the fourteenth century, as it were endeavoring to palm itself off as possessing the bold, noble qualities of our nineteenth century. An ass in a lion's skin; as one enters the Ghetto he seems to drop backward and downwards five hundred years; a gruesome, horrible place is this home of the old Jews. In this place they were oppressed with an oppression equal to that of the old Pharonic days. Here they swarmed and festered like maggots; here for generations they were born, they lived and waxed here to tottering old age and in this same Ghetto they passed away to the future life, closing their weary eyes upon scenes of filth and misery, as they looked beyond, hoping to find rewards and delightful homes in the realm of the God of their father Abraham, beyond the invisible river of death. Ghetto in Hebrew signifies a congregation, a fit term, for the Jews congregated here by force of law. The place was surrounded by a stone wall with two gates—a whole city district enclosed.

Even at the present day it is a quarter of distinctive customs and possesses a singular dialect. The Jews were obliged to dwell in this vile, unhealthy place, and even on holidays they were forced to remain within the walls, while their Christian oppressors enjoyed themselves on the canals and in the green fields on the main land. The Jews were not only taxed enormously and oppressed in many ways, but they were even compelled to wear yellow garments and oil-cloth hats, and were obliged to pay the wages of the Christian guards who opened and shut their Ghetto gates. Every possible indignity was practiced upon them, and at the same time who were these Jews? They were a remnant of one of the most glorious and bravest nations that had ever dwelt upon this earth. They could boast a noble ancestry and trace an unswerving line to the very patriarchs. They could point to warriors like Joshua and David and to prophets who had actually talked with God. The brave deeds of the Maccabees were vividly engraved on their memory. Their very existence, however, became a hateful thing to every nation, and wherever they appeared they received oppression such as history fails to record of any other nation, and here in Venice they were well nigh ground to powder. Even an earth worm when trodden upon will turn and fight to live; so the Jews turned and conteded for their existence and are very much alive today in Venice.

There is an odd proverb among the West Indian negroes, "What the devil wore on his belly he now carries on his back." We say, "How the wheel of life turns round." It has turned completely round in Venice and the descendents of those Ghetto-penned Jews to-day own nearly everything worth owning in the city. The Ghetto consists of many narrow lanes and reeking canals, with houses six or eight stories high, having peculiar little windows and singular entrances. It is a dark, damp, wierd place, and no Christian has ever lived within it. Many Jews still dwell in this hateful place, just as white and black bats continue to exist in the dark cellars beneath the old temples on the Nile, threatening you as they whirr and buzz about your eyes, even extinguishing your torch as you approach their abode. In like manner the aged Jews crawl about the houses of their fathers, following you to ask alms. They looked to me much like those Jews I used to see in Alexandria, and later in Jericho and Tiberias, wearing loose yellow gowns, crushed hats and flowing curls. There were originally no less than seven synagogues in the Ghetto, which fact points to an enormous number who lived here. Some of these houses of worship still remain and are still in use, and contain many singular and peculiar objects of great interest.

The Jews have ever been a peculiar race, their origin, history, dispersion are peculiar, their physiognomy is peculiar, and everything pertaining to them, even their existence through ages of cruel oppression as well as their grand successes in the present century are peculiar riddles. Now adieu to our friends the Jews, as we emerge from the musty, medieval darkness of the Ghetto, and find ourselves rowing once more on the Grand canal, enjoying the bright sunlight as we catch glimpses of blue skies and cheerful surroundings.

We will row slowly back the whole length of the canal and delight ourselves with the effect of light and shadow upon the old palaces as we pass along, and at the same time read some of the many traditions and interesting stories connected with every building on the Grand canal. We will alight at the marble steps of the "Dogaua" or custom house. This is directly opposite our hotel, and less than a minute's distance by gondola.

I often resorted thither towards sunset, and thought of the past commercial grandeur of the old city which the "Dogaua" always suggested to me. The custom house was built in the olden days at the point made by the Grand canal and a branch canal known as the Canal of the Gindeaca, where steamers and sailings crafts at the present day come to anchor. Venice reached the zenith of her commercial greatness about the year 1420. She had at that period a population of 200,000, and owned 3,000 vessels, with 33,000 sailors, while her fleet consisted of 45 galleys manned by 11,000 men, who maintained the naval supremacy of the powerful republic, which was of sufficient strength to compel the payment of a heavy tax from every foreign vessel which entered the Adriatic. She traded with ports of the Orient, bringing rich goods brought by caravans from the far east and China. Her grain ships were constantly employed in fetching the yellow grain from Alexandria and Black sea ports. And, alas, the horror of it, her coffers were heaped with gold resulting from the lucrative slave trade, while a perfect stream of slave ships breasted the waves of the Adriatic, as they sailed into port and anchored in the Guideaca, while at their mast heads floated the banner bearing the Lion of St. Mark. Not only the black men of Africa were sold as slaves in the market of Venice, but even white Christians from England and France and Saraceus taken upon the high seas, helped to swell the proportions of the iniquitous traffic in human beings.

The general imports of Venice were of enormous value, netting nearly fifty per cent on the invested capital. Venice was the focal point of the world's commerce, and the Lion of St. Mark floated proudly on her ships in distant eastern cities; it was feared and respected in the sea ports of Africa, Spain and France, as well as in the ports of the low countries.

And many Venetian ships cast their anchors beneath the chalky cliffs of England. But there came a change. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1450 undermined the supremacy of Venice in the east, and by the discovery of the new sea route to India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope a fierce blow was dealt to Venetian commerce. The Portuguese gained as Venice lost, and thereafter the supremacy of Venice, which was strengthened by her very great commercial success, began to wane, and fade. With the loss of the Morea, and many islands in the Grecian archipelago, Venice dwindled, and at the commencement of the eighteenth century her sun completely sank below the horizon. But the "arts which had meanwhile been silently developing, shed a glorious sunset over the waning glory of the mighty republic." At the present time of writing the trade of Venice as represented in ships is almost nil. Some steamers from England with coal steam leisurely up the Lagoon, and the steamers of the great Peninsula and Oriental company, and others from Athens, bring and carry passengers.

A fleet of little schooners bring wood from the Dalmatian coast, and a few little, old-fashioned square rigged brigs, such as one used to see in New England sea ports fifty years ago, import fish and wine from Sicily. The wine is stowed in all sorts of packages, from runnlets of ten gallons, to huge three hundred gallon hogsheads. Occasionally a schooner from Philadelphia comes beating up the Lagoon with an unromantic freight of petroleum, and almost daily will be seen the pillar of black smoke darkening the bright blue sky, then the funnel, afterwards the dark hull of a passenger steamer, for many travelers come to and depart from Venice. Yachts frequently anchor here and remain while their owners visit the cities of eastern Italy.

The harbor is a safe one and the harbor dues not expensive. I used frequently to hire a gondola in the cool of the afternoon, and the gondoliers would row me up and down the Gindecca, under the bows and sterns of the vessels at anchor, and it was interesting to notice the peculiar cut and set of their canvas. I loved to watch their swarthy crews clad in garb of yellow and blue, wearing red toques and carrying bright daggers in their girdles; what a bedlam-like din they made jabbering in half a dozen dialects, growling and quarreling over their sour wine and detestable maccaroni, made doubly so by rancid oil. And how they would sing and dance on the moonlight nights, keeping perfect time to the music of guitar and mandolin. They are a careless, happy folk. I mean those easy-going sailors, and for that matter so are all classes of Venetians, and Italians, too. In Italy one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day. The motto of all is "Never do today what you can defer till to-morrow." To-morrow is a long time coming in Italy. No wonder many live to round out a whole century of existence.

As the setting sun flashed its rays upon the one hundred churches and more than one hundred palaces of Venice, clothing them all in the varied and magical hues of a gorgeous gilded framing, and as the waning light upon the little collection of sailing craft, huddled together in the Gindecca, was reflected upon the gigantic dome of the old Church of the Redentore (Redeemer) reminiscences of the grandeur of the old republic floated about me. I could in my fancy see the ghost-like vessels of the olden days beating and tacking about in the broad Lagoon, as the gilded angel surmounting the Campanille in the Piazza gleamed afar as the sunburned, sea-tossed mariners rejoiced to be once more in their old Venetian home.

They sailed gaily into port and cast their anchors, with cables ringing through their hawse pipes, in the very waters of this same Gindecca. To behold the complete decadence of a "crowning city whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth," to me is a sad experience, so with your permission we will turn the page down at this point. I fear I may have already wearied the patience of your readers. I have but one more letter to write in reference to Venice. I wish to write a few lines about the singular Armenian convent on the little island of St. Lazzaro, and mention some interesting facts concerning some of the islands in the vicinity of Venice.

VIATOR.

THE EUROPEAN BROWN TROUT.

Some Facts About its Successful Introduction Into Connecticut Streams.

Fish Commissioner R. E. Follett entertained a number of his friends the other evening, at a fish dinner. Besides Commissioner Follett there was present Mr. Nickerson of West Cornwall, Mr. Fred Williams of New Milford; Representative Taber of Plainfield, a member of the fisheries committee; Chief Clerk R. S. Hinman of the secretary of state's office; Allen W. Paige of Birmgham, and J. M. Davis, an enthusiastic trout fisherman of this city. As may have been inferred from this list of names the occasion was something more than a feast to please the palate of the epicure. As a matter of fact it was planned by Commissioner Follett with view of introducing to these gentlemen the merits of the salmo fario, better known as the brown trout or the Von Behr trout, the native trout of Europe. Mr. Follett has been largely influential in introducing this fish into the streams of Connecticut for which it seems peculiarly adapted. The specimen under consideration the other evening was four years old, and weighed exactly five pounds. It was served boiled with Hollandaise sauce, and all who had the pleasure of partaking pronounced it a fine edible fish, fully equal to the brook trout.

As has been said, the brown trout is a native of Europe, and the first eggs were sent to the United States fish commission by Baron Von Behr, hence its name. It is peculiarly adapted to our streams from the fact that its growth is more rapid, and that it will live and thrive in streams which have been abandoned by the common brook trout. Mr. Follett states that the brown trout will stand a temperature of at least five degrees higher than the brook trout, and its growth is almost twice as rapid. In the spring of 1893, 120,000 fry of this species were placed in Connecticut streams as follows: Brooklyn, Canaan, Canterbury, Higganum, Lyme Rock, Moosup, Middletown and Willimantic, 5,000 each; in Norfolk, Salisbury and Sharon, 10,000 each; in New Milford 15,000; and in Fairfield and Thompsonville 2,500 each. Reports from all these towns show that the fry are doing well, and in a year or two more some fine results are expected.

Like our native trout the brown trout is a species of migratory salmon. When planted in streams tributary to the Connecticut river they will make their way to the sea in the fall and remain active in brackish waters during the winter. The trout that have the opportunity to go either to the sea or to a large lake during the winter will reach their greatest growth and perfection in about six years; when they will weigh all the way from three to ten pounds each. This fish has been most successfully cultivated in New York state. Superintendent Green (the brother of Seth Green, the pioneer of fish culture in America), who has charge of the New York state hatchery at Caledonia, showed Mr. Follett a brown trout that had been taken from Olatka creek in Monroe county, New York, in a wild state, that weighed eleven and three-quarter pounds.

Both fishermen and those more widely interested in fish culture, as is Mr. Follett, agree that brown trout is fully the equal of our own brook trout (Salvalinus Fontinalis) in its game and edible qualities. In appearance it is a very handsome fish. It is a deep, rich brown on its back, with silver sides and salmon-colored belly. The back and sides are covered with black spots and the sides with brown spots, having vermilion centers. The flesh is a deep salmon color and in prime condition can hardly be distinguished from an Atlantic salmon. The adipose fin, just back of the dorsel fin, is usually a bright red. The introduction of this fish into Connecticut streams will certainly mark a new era in Connecticut trout fishing. For the first two years its growth is about the same as that of the native trout. After that it rapidly doubles in size, owing probably to the fact that as it increases in size it feeds more on other fishes.—Hartford Times.

THEY SOLVED THE MYSTERY

GWENNY TRAVERS WAS HAUNTED BY A SUICIDE'S GHOST.

Her Father, the Colonel, at a Suggestion by the Major Spend a Night on Watch and After That the Roses Return to Her Cheeks and Her Spirits Brightened.

When Gwenny Travers' photographs came out to the station every one was in love with them at once, and when, a year afterward, it was announced that Miss Gwenny was really expected, and the colonel went down to Bombay to meet her, there was great rejoicing in Pukkapore.

Every male thing, from the brigadier to young Dubbs, rejoiced, on his own account partly, and also on that of Mrs. Travers, the colonel's wife, whose eldest daughter Gwenny was.

Mrs. Travers was the mother and confidante of everybody; a year before she had been home on sick leave, and it was on her return that the photographs made their appearance, and began to be one of the recognized interests of the station. "Have you seen the colonel's girl's photos?" "Which do you like the best, the one in the riding-habit or the one with her hair down?" "Isn't that sailor hat vignette awfully fetching?" People had hardly got over these comments and criticisms before it was announced that Gwenny was really on her way out; and then, of course, out came the photographs again with renewed importance that one might decide, now that she was so near, what Miss Gwenny was actually like.

When the date for her sailing was fixed, Mrs. Travers began to fuss about fixing up her room. "She must have the pink room, Charles; it will want a lot of doing up, but I shall begin at once, and"——

"Not the pink room, my dear," said the colonel, from behind his paper, "the little one beyond ours is more suitable."

"Indeed, no! that's much too small for any young lady, and I should like the dear child to have a pretty, nice cool room that she can walk about in. Why, at school, she had a tiny little cubicle like a cabin, and a girl thinks so much of her own room. I can't think why you have a prejudice against the pink room—it will want an entire turnout, for the servants have crammed it with things like a go-down, but you wait till Rosina and I have got it in order, and you'll be quite astonished how pretty it will be."

"I'd rather she had the smaller one," persisted the colonel, and though he did not give any reason his face wore a perturbed look, which was out of keeping with the trifling occasion of difference, but his wife had rustled away to take counsel of Rosina, the little Portuguese lady's-maid, and the pink room might be looked upon as a settled question.

By the time the colonel started for Bombay the room was ready, and very pretty it was; the rather faded pink of the walls had been renewed, there was a brass bedstead, and white aspinalled furniture, white curtains and pink sash ribbons to tie them up; new matting and a bookcase, and a shelf for photographs running around like a dado. Mrs. Travers and Rosina even aspinalled the huge wooden cupboard built into the wall, and made a smart pattern of Christmas cards to outline the panels; then all the ladies came to look at their handiwork, and admire it, and talk about Gwenny's coming.

"Wasn't this where"—— Mrs. Trent said, and then stopped; Mrs. Bogle, the doctor's wife, had trodden on her gown.

"Yes," Mrs. Travers hastened to explain, full of her own prowess, "this was where we used to keep all sorts of stores, and boxes and things; the room was much too good for that, only the colonel filled it up with things the year I was at home. I had such work to clear it, but Rosina and I have worked wonders, don't you think?"

Mrs. Bogle assured her that the effect was enchanting; Mrs. Trent held her tongue and examined the curtains; and then they all went to tea.

Two days after Gwenny arrived, and a week later every one was agreed that neither the riding-habit nor the sailor-hat portrait was "in it" with the Miss Gwenny who sat smiling in her mother's drawing-room, making that always pleasant place a perfect paradise to the brigadier, who was a disconsolate widower of eight months' standing, and to young Dubbs, and to all the various grades, ranks and varieties, civil and military, who filled the wide interval between that zenith and nadir of Pukkapore male society.

The beauty of Gwenny Travers was that she smiled on all alike, and that is a very great and uncommon point of beauty, especially in an Indian military station; the bridagier was a pompous old bore, Dubbs was a timid young ass, Mrs. Bogle was a good-natured gossip and Mrs. Trent a mal a propos tattler; but one and all received the same pleasant treatment—friendly, modest, sincere—from the colonel's daughter, and the first week of her arrival sped merrily along with a continuous round of merrymaking, to welcome the young lady who had galvanized the dull little place into life. Then, as a natural consequence, came a whole crop of proposals from everybody, all directed to the self-same lady. The brigadier took to wearing primrose gloves without graduating toward Hope Reborn by any of the legitimate stages of half-mourning, and then as suddenly left for Cashmir; little Dubbs, after galloping his red pony, Ructions, over from cantonments five days a week, on some excuse or other to the colonel's house, turned his steed's head about, and was met gloomily cantering in the opposite direction, when every one else was going to the tennis ground. It was the same with nearly everybody, and everybody felt a little low and reactionary in consequence, and applied for leave almost in a body. After that there was a general settling down, and Gwenny Travers and her mother began to taste the sweets of home life and companionship; the elder woman grew young again in her daughter's society, and both the colonel and she felt that the years that were past, the struggles and anxieties of their earlier married life were as nothing now that "the girl" had come home.

It was Major Danvers, the colonel's right-hand man, who first discovered that Gwenny was not looking herself at all, in fact had altered very considerably in the couple of months she had been in India, a fact which her father and mother, in their increased happiness, had never observed. At first he kept the matter to himself, and watched the girl closely, wondering if any love affairs which had been common property on the station had really affected her, and sighed to think of certain long-deferred expectations at home, which kept him a poor man and a bachelor. Presently he made so bold as to ask Mrs. Travers if the heat were not very trying to Miss Gwenny; she had grown so pale and so quiet now that the first excitement of her arrival was over, and though she was as sweet and pleasant to every one, there seemed something lacking in the spontaneity of her enjoyment, and Gwenny coming into the room at the moment, the suddenly awakened mother flew at her with a hundred questions of eager anxiety. Gwenny put them all aside, and Major Danvers got up to go, feeling horribly guilty at the storm he had raised; there was a look in the girl's eyes too, as she bade him good-bye, which haunted him. Was she appealing to him? Had anything frightened her? He strode off to his quarters feeling puzzled and vexed with himself—what a fool he had been to put his finger into a ladies' pie, and what a goose the colonel's wife was not to take things more sensibly He had only meant to give her a little hint, and she had flown into a fever and made him look like a fool before Gwenny; yet—yet—what on earth was wrong with Gwenny?

"That's where I find fault with Roger Danvers'" grumbled Mrs. Travers to her husband. "He is a capital soldier and a good man, I know, but he's dreadfully gauche. Now poor dear Charley Kettering would never have said such a thing—as if a mother hadn't the sharpest eyes of anybody in the world for her own daughter! Did you ever think, colonel, what a couple Gwenny and poor Charley would have made if he had lived? He used to call her his little wife years ago, before she went home to school. Ah, dear, dear, India takes the best of us!"

The colonel's wife was a very charming woman, but she was not keenly observant, and it had never struck her that allusions to poor Charley Kettering, who had died during the year she was at home, and whom the colonel had nursed in his last illness, were specially distasteful to her husband.

The next time Gwenny met Roger Danvers at the tennis-ground, and could speak to him for a moment unobserved, she said: "Don't put ideas into mamma's head, Major Danvers. Indeed I'm all right, only a little tired sometimes."

"I was so sorry, Miss Gwenny, for the commotion I had raised. I could have shot myself afterward when I saw that I had frightened your mother and annoyed you; but, forgive me for repeating it, you are looking very different and—are you sure there is nothing the matter?"

"No-o, nothing; that is——Oh, if you've noticed, it must be noticeable"—and Gwenny's face grew suddenly pink and her eyes filled with tears. "It's the nights here, Major Danvers. I don't know what it is, but they are terrible, always the same kind of terror, and the same figure"——

She stopped in confusion.

They had walked to the end of the tennis-ground, and were practically alone; even Mrs. Trent would not have been so tactless as to disturb them, and as they leaned against the railing Danvers could feel the shudder that shook the girl's slight frame.

"Do you mean that you dream, and dream always of the same figure?" he asked in a low voice.

"I don't know if it is a dream, or if I am awake when the thought comes to me, but it is something horrible—in my room," Gwenny said in shaken, jerky tones. "I think I go to sleep all right, and it is later that it comes on. Oh, I can't tell anybody; let us go back to the others," and she turned to walk back, but Danvers saw that her face was ashy white now, and her eyes distened with real fear.

"One moment," he said, detaining her. "Can't you tell your mother?"

"I want to, but she took such pleasure in making that pretty room for me, and now I can never enter it without the dreadful feeling coming over me, and it seems—oh, it seems as if I were going mad!"

"Nonsense, Miss Gwenny! you must tell your father, then."

The girl looked full at him as the tone of command struck her. She was a soldier's daughter, and answered to it at once.

"Papa? Do you think I could? He is always so busy, and I never thought of daring to trouble him; but I could more easily explain it to him than to mamma, I think."

"Then do it at once; promise me, Gwenny; to-night without fail," the young man said, almost fiercely, for they were nearing the others now, and Mrs. Bogle's pince-nez was fixed like a burning-glass upon them. "Promise!"—and Gwenny promised in a quick whisper, for there is one thing a girl cannot resist in a man, and that is a sudden exhibition of masterfulness.

Like other powerful animals it is perhaps a good thing they do not know wherein their strength lies!

About ten o'clock that night, as Danvers was smoking and fancying he was reading in his quarters, Colonel Travers came in; the younger man guessed in a moment something of what had brought him, and jumped up nervously with the expectancy of an explanation in his face. "I want you to come up to the bungalow with me, Danvers, I can tell you what about as we go, only look sharp," and a moment later the two men were striding quickly over the white moonlit road.

"My girl spoke to you this afternoon about something—something that troubled and disturbed her, and you told her to come to me. No, you did quite rightly"—as the major would have explained his seeming interference—"quite rightly; it is myself I blame for my blindness till now. She came and told me this evening all about it, and now I want your help to see me through something that requires more than one man's nerve and evidence. That poor child tells me that every night since she has been here—since she has slept in the pink room, she has dreamt—she supposes it to be a dream—of a figure which stands beside her bed, and urges her to come away, to follow it; in short"——

"A ghost?" Danvers asked; he was sorry for poor little Gwenny in this, to him, self-inflicted torture; but he did not believe in ghosts.

"As the figure turns away from her bedside she invariably sees its face—and it is the face of a hanged man, Danvers."

"Whew! Some one has told her the story!"

"I think not; even her mother doesn't know it. It happened, as you know, when my wife was in England, and I've taken the utmost care that the particulars of poor Kettering's death should never come to her ears—Rosina, the maid, is new; the old story of Kettering being seen has quite died away. I was averse, it is true, to Gwenny having that room, but my wife had set her heart on it, and I thought it would make more stir to explain than to let it pass. And all these weeks that child has been suffering in silence! She says that after it has shown her its face it melts away, as it were, into the big corner cupboard. What do you say to that?"

"The cupboard where he hanged himself, sir?"

"The same."

"What do you mean to do, colonel?"

"My wife has gone to bed with a headache. I told them to make me up the dressing-room bed, and I would sleep there, as I had some accounts to go through, and might be very late. I have just sent Gwenny to bed with a dose of bromide that will keep her fast and sound for the next nine hours. She was very brave and good about sleeping alone in the room that she so fears and dislikes, but I promised her that this should be the last night in it, and that I would watch her and keep her safe. Here we are"—softly tiptoeing across the veranda, and letting himself into one of the drawing-room windows—"I am going to open Gwenny's door there across the passage and shall sit and watch—and you can remain here, just within call; smoke if you like, but don't drop off to sleep if you can help it; and if I see anything I will call, and you must come and bear witness."

Danvers hardly knew whether to laugh or not at the colonel's simple, ghost-trapping preparations, but after all they were sensible, matter-of-fact measures, which would reassure Gwenny to-morrow morning when she woke after a long, refreshing sleep, and learnt that the spell was broken and nothing supernatural had been seen.

About two hours later: "Danvers, come!" sounded in a hoarse whisper across the passage. Roger was at the colonel's side in a second.

What was that? In the faint light of the bedroom, where a night-lamp burned, aided by the rays from the passage-lamp outside, the two watchers in the doorway could see a slight, shadowy figure on the farther side of Gwenny's bed—a figure that was strangely familiar to them both, for, though but its side and shoulder were to them, they recognized the bearing and shape of Charlie Kettering, the smartest young fellow the regiment had ever known. The thing stooped over Gwenny's pillow and held out its arms, but the girl lay perfectly still, her face hidden from them, and after what seemed an hour of horror it lifted itself up erect and turned away. Then at the bottom of the bed it halted for a moment and slowly cast a lingering glance around the room, moving its head deliberately till it looked full in the faces of the two men not twenty feet away—it was the face of Charlie Kettering as the colonel and the major had last seen it eighteen months before, livid and terrible from his own suicidal act!

"Hold back—hold back! don't wake Gwenny; it might kill her," the colonel entreated, as Roger struggled hard to dash into the room; the figure was gone—gone even as they looked, melting away in the direction of the great corner cupboard which Mrs. Travers had decorated for her daughter. "Here, help me with this," and stepping across to Gwenny's bed he lifted one end of the little mattress on which the girl lay, and signed to Danvers to take the other.

"We'll have her out of this!" And without another word they carried her across the passage to the colonel's dressing-room, and laid her, just as she was, on the colonel's bed. Her father looked at her anxiously. "No, I believe it's all right; the bromide hasn't failed me; whatever that devilish thing was, to-night she has not seen it. And to think that we have let her suffer this without finding out! Gad, man, why don't you speak? what do you think it was?"

"I don't think, colonel—I know it was Charlie Kettering."

* * * * *

Next morning Gwenny woke up very late for breakfast, and told her father that she had a splendid night—not a dream nor a sound had disturbed her, as he might see for himself if it was he who had carried her bodily into the dressing-room. How in the world did he manage to lift her mattress like that all alone? But the colonel kept his own counsel, and sent Rosina to bring her her toilet necessaries, for he could not even bear that she should enter the pink room again. And in the course of the day, such was the colonel's talent for organization, Mrs. and Miss Travers found themselves packed on a visit which had long been impending, but which was now decided on all in a hurry, as the drains of the bungalow were found to require immediate attention. And when some weeks later they returned to Pukkapore, it was to find the colonel established in brand new quarters, for the engineer had given his verdict that the old bungalow was quite too hopeless a job to spend money over.

The two ladies were immensely pleased with the change—Mrs. Travers because she likes her drawing-room, Gwenny because she likes her bedroom better; the girl has recovered her roses and her spirits, and has forgotten, or pretends she has forgotten, that afternoon's confidence to Roger Danvers on the tennis ground—perhaps this is only because the major is "Sir Roger" now—the old uncle in England having considerately died "by last mail"—and seems a little strange at first. But Danvers is biding his time—the colonel knows his secret—and the colonel's lady looks more favorably on the baronet than she did on the major and has not been heard to compare him unfavorably with poor Charlie Kettering for a long time. Whether Charlie Kettering lies quietly in his grave, or still haunts the dismantled bungalow neither Danvers nor the colonel cares to inquire. Luckily Pukkapore is a stirring little station, where the recollection of poor Charlie's sad end during the fever which surely rendered him temporarily irresponsible has been wiped out by many happier events.—G. B. Stuart in the Argosy.

What at the beginning may have been regarded merely as a side issue frequently turns out to be the most important subject. It was so in the case of Eve.—Texas Siftings.

Magistrate—Is it true that you have been selling liquor without a license? Prisoner—Well, you wouldn't expect me to give it away, would you?—Philadelphia Record.